

LAST EDITION.
SAFETY IN LIGHT.

The Hoosac Tunnel Absolutely
Guarded Against Danger
by Collisions.

The Ventilation Almost Perfect and
Signals Visible a Mile Away.

Incandescent Lamps, Forty Feet Apart,
Make the Subway Light as Day.

An "Evening World" Reporter's
Personal Inspection and Its
Results.

While yet the shrieks and groans of those six
hundred railway employees, sacrificed in the
New York Central Tunnel, were still echoing
in the ears of the public, The Evening World
raised its voice for the introduction of a
system of ventilation and lighting the long sub-
way that had become a very death trap.

The officers of the great corporation snapped
their fingers and declared that it was impos-
sible to ventilate the tunnel any better than by
the present alleged system, and in fact that the
hole under Park avenue was a model in the way
of ventilation, anyway.

As to lighting the tunnel, President Chaney
M. Dwyer ridiculed that idea as nonsense.

The Evening World suggested electricity
as the best lighting method, but the million-
aires of this big railroad company declared
that electric lights would only confuse the
drivers of the big locomotives that go thun-
dering through the tunnel at twenty to thirty
miles an hour, under instructions to run cau-
tiously, with a maximum of twelve miles an
hour.

The Evening World gave an exhaustive de-
scription of how the St. Louis Tunnel was
ventilated and lighted, with copious illustra-
tions.

An Evening World representative spent
three hours in the New York tunnel on a

chusette, as it is in other States. Let me take
the place of your fireman. I will keep the fire
in good shape," pleaded the stranger.

"I'll take you through, I've been an
engineer on this road for fifteen years, and
I'll risk the blame."

"The train is the heaviest on the Fitchburg
road. It consisted of nine drawing-rooms and
sleeping cars, but it is the fastest as well, and
for half an hour it spun along, winding in and
out among the Massachusetts mountains, ever
on a double curve.



The conductor called "Charlemont," and the
reporter ran forward to the locomotive and
was a little bit thankful to find that Fireman
W. H. Goodspeed was not to surrender his
place to the stranger.

Perched on Goodspeed's cushion, the re-
porter enjoyed the thrilling experience of riding
ahead of the train along the sinuous iron
path through the darkness of a perfect starlight
night.

Several little hamlets were passed, and in
fourteen minutes the amateur railroad en-
gineer saw the white signal light of "safety" at
the eastern opening of the tunnel.

The engine plunged in, and then came a re-
cession startlingly pleasant.

Far, far ahead, he looked down a vista made
almost as bright as day by rows of incandescent
electric lights that hung on either wall of the
great subway.

The steel rails glinted in the white light,
and the eye pierced the tunnel for a mile
ahead.

Billy kept his hand upon the lever, but never
once did he slacken speed.



HOOSAC TUNNEL.
Why should he?

The tunnel was the safest part of the road
at that hour of outside darkness.

Here and there the locomotive passed a
signal light, and Billy was "pounding her on
the back" for thirty-three miles an hour.

Up grade at 20-25 feet to the mile, but by
the use of Master Mechanic Leach's sand dis-
tributing invention, old No. 6 easily main-
tained her terrific speed.

As we near the central shaft we get more
smoke and fog," yelled Fireman Goodspeed,
rightly named; for he was resting now, having
prepared his fire for the passage of the tunnel.

Old 6 gave out a white smoke that seemed to
have no body, for it dissipated almost imme-
diately.

This was because just before entering the
subway Goodspeed had covered his red-hot
fire with dampers' coke, which makes the
most intense heat, but gives forth almost no
smoke at all.

Midway in the tunnel is the central shaft, a
hole 15 by 15 feet, running clear to daylight at
the top of the mountains, 1,025 feet above.

Here shaft is moored by the roof of the tunnel,
and draught shafts, spiral in form, open at the
four and three-quarter miles of tunnel to the
centre.

Hoosac Tunnel, and two years ago introduced
the incandescent lights. There had been sev-
eral accidents prior to that. Broken down
their footing in the dark—and lost their lives,
too.

"There hasn't been a single accident since
the incandescent lights were introduced. The
ventilation of the tunnel could be made ab-
solutely perfect, it is believed, by the con-
struction of a tall funnel on the central
shaft. At present its top is in a little valley on
the top of the mountain, and the draught is not
so strong as it might be. It does very well,
though, as it is. We never slacken speed in
the tunnel, and despite the grade freight trains
go.

"The result was an absolutely satisfactory
one. Despite the outside haze
and fog, Billy's view of the track be-
fore him was completely unobscured, and the
eye could reach as far into the distance as
though it were in open day.

"The block signal system is in vogue in the
Hoosac Tunnel, but the engineer is not obliged
to depend on a signal cone. His locomotive
does not plunge alone as it blundered into
darkness. There is no guesswork about it. The
man at the throttle and the human freight
in the cars behind him may sit as much at
ease in mind as when the trusty engineer is
running his iron machine in the open country
under a clear and sunny sky.

"Of course the New York Central can ven-
tilate its tunnel. Of course they can light it,"
said an old and experienced master me-
chanic of the Fitchburg.

"It is an arrant nonsense to say it can't be
done. But it will cost money. Our people put
off this improvement as long as they could,
but now that they have tried it they wouldn't
go back to the old method for any
consideration. From 50 to 100 trains pass
through the Hoosac every 24 hours and we
haven't killed, or maimed any one nor had
an accident of any kind in the tunnel since we
introduced the incandescent lights. The Central
folks should be compelled to use coke, though,
in their tunnel. In fact, I have wondered
why they were not obliged long ago to
abandon that nasty soft coal for coke in New
York City. Coke is infinitely cleaner, the ex-

perience is actually less, and of course you know
that coke makes the best steam generator that
can be found, while the old notion that it
would burn out the fire-boxes has been ex-
posed in our experience.

Last evening the tunnel investigator was
dragged along down through the New York
Central Tunnel on a New Haven train. A
chance opening of the car-door admitted a
dense volume of overpowering dirty black
smoke.

The effect of the verdict of the Coroner's
jury was that the smoke-like process of
the train, the frequent whistles of the air-brakes,
and the occasional stop made by the engine,
for, as usual, the tunnel was worse than dark.
It was cut through with fog and smoke. The
traveler was glad to emerge into the lower
open with all his limbs intact.

TOP OF VENTILATING SHAFT.
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At 6 o'clock The Evening World investi-
gator was again at the mouth of the great ar-
tificial cavern, the work of twenty years of
unceasing labor.

This time the visitor was on foot. The
electric station stands just at the West Portal,
two miles from the North Adams Station, and
here the reporter stopped to induce Electrical
Engineer Fred Briggs, or his partner, C. F.
Bodgett, to enter the tunnel with him.

Mr. Bodgett readily agreed when he learned
the New Yorker's errand, for he is justly proud
of the immense electric plant over which he
and Briggs are masters.

Leaving the way down the tracks into
the hole, Engineer Bodgett responded to the
queries of the investigators:

"I can't tell you how much our plant cost,
but we have five dynamos. Three of them are
in operation, the other two being reserves.
The system has been in operation for a little
more than two years, and the total cost of
lighting the tunnel is less than \$30 a day.

"You see, the lights are forty feet apart on
either wall, and there are 1,200 of them. Each
of them 16-candle power. We have five men.
Two of them receive \$17.50 each per week;
one gets \$16.10, and two of them \$15.25 a
week. We use four tons of coal daily in our
120 horse-power engine. The balance of the
\$30 a day is in breakage of globes, exhaustion
of wires and other repairs."

By this time the explorers had reached a
point one mile from the place of entrance.
Looking ahead, despite the fog of the outer
world, the twinkling lights could be seen
clearly a mile further into the tunnel.

Turning about, the western opening could be
seen—a little white dot.

The reporter was obliged to button his over-
coat up to the chin, however, owing to the
draught made by the central shaft.

"You see," said Engineer Bodgett, "the
objection that the electric lights would make a
blinding glare is a mistake. That green light
that you see ahead is nearly a mile away. Of
course this effect could not be produced with
out ventilation adequate to carry off the fog
and smoke.

"I see no reason, from all the descriptions
of your New York tunnel, why it could not be
almost perfectly ventilated. The balance of the
\$30 a day is in breakage of globes, exhaustion
of wires and other repairs."

"At any rate, the present condition of the
New York Tunnel could be very much im-
proved. I should say that by closing up the
roof apertures in your tunnel, and construct-
ing at intervals of a few hundred feet a
small vent, and the New York tunnel, which
clearly could be nicely ventilated, and then
the introduction of a system of incandescent
lighting would be entirely feasible.

"At any rate the use of powerful fans at the
mouths of the tunnel, in conjunction with such
shafts or chimneys, would undoubtedly work
better than the present system, which does
not seem to ventilate your tunnel at all at
times when ventilation is really needed."

While the questioner and the engineer were
in the tunnel there entered a heavy freight
train. The locomotive belched forth great
clouds of white smoke, which gave forth a
pungent, but not at all disagreeable, odor.

The stranger pulled his hat over his eyes for
protection, but there was no shower of sparks
nor cinders, and the smoke rolled against the
roof of the subway and there vanished.

It was coke smoke, cinderless and without
body. Quite unlike the thick, heavy black,
smudge that makes the New York Central Tun-
nel worse than dark, and pouring out of the
roof apertures, begrimes the houses in Park
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"You will readily appreciate," said Bod-
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heavy grade for two and a half miles, and that
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New York tunnel, especially as the tunnel run
in New York is only about one-half the length
of the Hoosac."

After breakfasting at the Wilson House,
West Adams, the newspaper man climbed into
Engine 6 again, as it started on its eastward
trip at 10 o'clock in the morning.

The result was an absolutely satisfactory
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ease in mind as when the trusty engineer is
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WRECKED BY FOG.
Pilot Boat Hope, No. 1, a Total
Loss on Sandy Hook Point.

A Bark at Anchor Run Down by an
Incoming Brig.

Serious Ferryboat Collisions in the East
and North Rivers.

Densest and Most Dangerous Fog in
New York Harbor for
Many Years.

On the anniversary of the Great Blizzard
comes the most phenomenal and dangerous
fog that has been known in New York in a
generation. The mist, especially in the bay
and upon the rivers, is almost impenetrable,
and traffic on the water is practically par-
alyzed. Many accidents have been reported
on the East River, the North River, in the bay
and as far away as Sandy Hook. Tailing and
steam craft are alike affected. It is a day of
danger on the water.

WRECKED ON SANDY HOOK POINT.
The fog which settled down last night grew
denser at midnight.

At 1.30 o'clock this morning the pilot-boat
Hope, No. 1, went ashore on Sandy Hook
Point, in the exact spot where the Scotia was
wrecked last year. She struck about fifty feet
out from the beach, and in ten minutes her
condition was seen to be hopeless.

The crew of the Hope were all rescued with
great difficulty by Capt. Patterson and his
Life-Saving Crew No. 1. The surf ran very
high and the life-savers' lifeboat was capsize
and stove in. The men all got ashore in safety,
however.

The Hope was ponding very heavily on the
rocks. At daylight it was seen that the
rudder was gone, her keel torn off, and great
holes in her hull. She was a total wreck. Her
yawls had been washed away.

The Hope was assigned to "station duty"
(i. e., to take out outgoing pilots) last Wed-
nesday, relieving the E. E. Barrett, No. 2, New
Jersey service.

A squall of wind and rain last night com-
pelled the craft to "go" her anchor and haul
three miles off shore. A dense fog closing in
after the squall rendered the Hope helpless,
and she drifted in and struck the beach with
great force.

The craft was in charge of Capt. Michael
Lyons. The following pilots were on board:
John J. Lyons, Robert J. Lyons, Charles
Thompson and Robert Lyers; and the crew
were Martin, George, "Gus" and John
Anderson, Charles Bollinghagen and Frank
Crammer.

The Hope was of fifty-seven tons burden, 31
feet long, 21 feet 3 inches beam and 8 feet 6
inches depth. She was built in 1861, and
was used during the war as a dispatch boat by
the United States Government. After the war
she was converted into a pilot boat.

No steamships have come up the bay to-
day, and no other ocean-going craft, except
two small schooners. Last night the American
bark Co. Zaldzo, Miller, from Chet-
fuegos, arrived, and was reported at 6 o'clock.
She anchored in the lower bay. The weather
was very thick, and the rain fell in torrents.

The brigantine Georgiana F. Gerry, from
Charleston, S. C., to this city, arrived some
time afterwards, and while seeking an anchor-
age ran into the Hope.

Both vessels were seriously damaged. The
Georgiana's headgear was carried away, her bow
split broken short off and her stern stove in.
The Gerry lost several spars and her head-
sails, besides suffering much damage to her
hull.

The vessels were separated, and the Gerry
came to anchor. It is not reported that any
lives were lost.

The G. de Zaldzo is an old vessel, having been
built at Brookhaven in 1870. She is of 451 tons
burden, and is owned by F. W. Wardell, of this
city.

The Georgiana F. Gerry is of 325 tons, was
built in New York, in 1861, and is
owned by S. Conklin, of this city.

EAST RIVER FERRYBOAT COLLISION.
There were two accidents on the East River
this morning, when the fog was thickest.

About 9.05 o'clock the ferryboats, Montana
of the Hoosier Ferry street, and the Southam-
pton of the North River, were passing each other
when the ferryboat Montana, which was
bearing their ship on the New York side,
the fog was so thick that no one could see ten
feet ahead.

The ships of these boats were within a stone
throw of each other, and as they slowed up to
feel their way in they came together with a
great thump, just off James slip.

Each boat was pretty well crowded with
people coming to New York to business, and
for a few moments it looked as if a panic might
ensue. There was no immediate danger, how-
ever, as neither boat was damaged to any ex-
tent, and as soon as they drifted apart they
went on their way in safety.

The passengers came off in a hurry, and be-
cause of the danger from the fog, the boats
stopped running temporarily on both ferries.

According to the reports on the New York
side the Southamptons of London, which runs
between Long Island City and James slip, were
bearing their ship on the New York side,
the fog was so thick that no one could see ten
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"THE EVENING WORLD'S" PICTURE SALE.
(ONE CENT EACH.)



THE FALL OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

The two boats came together with consid-
erable force, and both were damaged.

There was a panic among the many pas-
sengers of the Montana.

The Montana proceeded very slowly to her
slip at Weehawken, and lay there, unable to
make any more trips across the river.

The docks tied up for a few hours at Forty-
fifth street, and then proceeded up the river.
She was not seriously injured.

FERRY TRAFFIC PARALYZED.
The Pennsylvania, the Erie and Hoboken
ferries on the North River made few trips this
forenoon, until the unfavorable mist cleared
off for a time. About 10.30 o'clock more fre-
quent trips were undertaken, but were soon
suspended.

On the East River a similar state of affairs
existed, and temporary relief experienced by
the lifting of the fog was halted with delight.

An Evening World reporter was a passen-
ger on the Hoboken ferryboat Passaic,
which left Christopher street slip at 8.45
o'clock, and after waiting an hour in the slip.

The deck hands said that the fog was the
thickest and most troublesome they had seen
for years.

The paralysis of traffic was not confined to
the river, for trains at the various depots were
held back for several hours, without result.

The Staten Island ferryboats suffered seri-
ously, and the few trips made this morning
across the bay were attended with the most
exciting feat.

IT WAS THE BRITANNIC OUTSIDE?
It was reported this morning that the White
Star steamship Britannic had arrived off the
hook this morning, and the mailboat Fletcher
searched for her several hours, without result.

The conviction was reached that if the Britan-
nic had arrived, she had anchored outside till
the fog should lift, so that she could come off
the hook in safety.

Ran Down a Lightskip and Was
Wrecked.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
DELAWARE, BRIDGEWATER, March 12.—The
Italian bark Principessa Margherita of Pie-
monte, Capt. Moretti, from Plymouth, Eng-
land, Jan. 13, for Philadelphia, collided with
the Ben and Chickie lightskip, in the bay, at
6 o'clock last night, and is a total loss. The
crew were taken off by the tugboat North An-
derson.

The wrecked bark was of 428 tons regis-
ter, was built in 1860, and was owned by V. Car-
dillo, Naples.

WHERE IS BROKER STARS?
Broker W. H. M. Stars failed to respond to-
day when he was called a second time in Par-
t. of general sessions to plead to an indict-
ment for grand larceny. His lawyers promised
to have him in court Monday. He was called
yesterday, and did not appear, but on state-
ments of his counsel his bail was not forfeited.

THE BOY POLICEMAN IS DEAD.
Policeman Henry A. McElmott, of Capt.
Hilly's precinct, died at his home, No. 325
West Forty-fifth street, last night of a heart
disease. He was known as "The Boy
Cop," and was appointed on the force in De-
cember, 1888.

WHO HAS SEEN THIS MISSING GIRL?
The police were asked to-day to search for
Fanny Bender, 15 years old, who has been
missing from her home, 235 East Fourth street,
since March 6. Her mother thinks she has
gone off with some circus performers.

FIRE ON FIFTH AVENUE.
Fire at 10.15 this forenoon caused damage to
the amount of \$500 in the apartments of Mrs.
Elizabeth Mascoff, 455 Fifth avenue.

FIRE IN THIS MORNING'S FIRE.
Fire at 1.30 this morning caused \$800 damage
in the store of J. J. Miles, dealer in chemicals,
at 39 Day street.

FLOOD DIED OF HEART DISEASE.
A Coroner's jury has returned a verdict that
John Flood, who was found dead in a hallway
on Tuesday, died of